THE SAYLORS SONG OR D—NK——K RESTORED

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *To all you Ladies now at Land, &c.*

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Jackson*, in the Year MDCCXXX.

THE SAYLORS SONG OR D—NK——K Reſtored.

I.

TO all ye *Merchants* now at Land,
We Men at Sea indite,
But firſt would have you underſtand
How hard it is to write;
It may 'nt be ſafe the Truth to ſay,
If ſilent, *Br-t-n* we betray.
With a *fa la, &c.*

II.

Famd *D——k* raz'd by our good Queen,
Our Commerce to maintain,
Is now reſtor'd, for we have ſeen
Her *Ships* float on the main,

Your

Your *Trade* requires your *timely care*
Heaven knows! you have not much to Spare.

III.

The Slaves, that cringe to *Gallia's* court,
Say ſtill there is no landing,
As tho' the *Water* in that *Port*,
Was like their Underſtanding.
But *Br-t-n* to her coſt has found
F—ce is a-float and ſhe a-ground.

IV.

The Brethren too will pawn their ears
That Ships from out that Station,
Will ſcour the *Flemiſh Privateers*,
In friendſhip to our Nation;
The *Prieſt*, on whom they pin their hopes,
Demands more faith than fifty Popes.

V.

But let him not again deceive,
By new *Memoire* or *Letter*;
Far leſs *his* evidence receive,
Who ſhould have raz'd it better;
For he who's coming now from *F—ce*,
Will tell us all was done by chance.

VI.

Yet how this Harbour was repair'd.
Is ſtill a wondrous Riddle,
The Piles withdrew the Stones uprear'd,
Like *Thebes* by Harp and Fiddle.
What made theſe Piles and Sand retire?
The *Orphean* or *Horacian* Lyre?

VII.

Be't as it will, the Land complains;
Then *Br-t-ns* ſpeak your mind,
The dear bought fruits of *ten Campaigns*
Muſt never be reſign'd;
Speak on true *Br-t-ns*, down it goes;
For *D——k*'s friends are *Br-t-n*'s foes.
With a *fa la &c.*

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 6 NO 73